



A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

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CODE
AUTHORITY

№ 87

10¢

STAN
CAMPBELL

MONTE HALE
No. 87

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

Monte Hale

WESTERN

10¢



STAN
CAMPBELL

BUR THE WAITER

WAITER BAITER!

THIS IS AWFUL!
I'VE BEEN WAITING
PRACTICALLY AN
HOUR!

KITCHEN

ER, YOUR FISH WILL BE
COMING IN A FEW
MOMENTS, NOW!

WITNESS

OH
YEAH—

I'M GETTING TIRED
OF WAITING SO
LONG! WHERE'S
MY FISH?

ER, I'LL
DO SEE!

KI

...YOU MEAN THEY'RE
USING A BETTER
BAIT NOW?

GULP!!!

the CULTURE CORNER

HOW TO BITE
A HOT DOG RIGHT

CONDUCTED BY
CROUCHER K. CONK-Q.O.C.
(OWNER OLD COOT)

WHEN YOU
BURY YOUR
BITERS IN
A BUN,
DOES THE
WIENER INSIDE
SLIDE ASIDE?
THEN HERE'S
A CLUE
ON WHAT
TO DO....

WHENEVER THAT HOT
DOG SLIPS AWAY, IT
CAN BE VERY ANNOYING.



...ESPECIALLY
TO OTHERS!



ONE WAY TO AVOID THIS IS TO
WEAR A BAG OVER YOUR HOGGIN
WHILE EATING...



HOWEVER, IF THE HOT
DOG SLIPS LOOSE INSIDE
THE BAG, YOU'LL END UP
A MESS---ESPECIALLY
IF YOU LIKE LOTS OF
MUSTARD.



ANOTHER METHOD IS
TO TIE A ROPE AROUND
THE SANDWICH, BUT
THEN THE KNOT IS
ALWAYS HARD TO EAT!



THE PROPER, CULTURAL
WAY IS TO OMIT THE
MUSTARD AND SWEAR
ON TAR, HARDENED
MOLASSES OR FAST-
DRYING GLUE.



THIS WILL CEMENT THE WIENER TO THE
BUN, AND YOU CAN SAFELY SINK YOUR
SNAPPERS INTO THEM WITHOUT LOSING
ANYTHING!
(EXCEPT
MAYBE
YOUR SNAPPERS)



DON'T BE CRUD WITH YOUR FOOD.
READ CULTURE CORNER!!

MONTE HALE WESTERN

MONTE HALE

and his
PEACE BOND

It is herewith decreed that under penalty of ten thousand dollars, Monte Hale will not engage in any activity tending to break the peace!
By order of:
Judge Thorne

MONTE HALE, THE ROVING COWBOY, IS SWORN TO UPHOLD JUSTICE! BUT WHEN THE LAW DECIDES THAT MONTE HALE CANNOT USE HIS BLAZERS, SAY HIM TO DEFEND INNOCENT MEN FROM MURDEROUS ATTACKS, HE IS CONFRONTED BY A SITUATION THAT NO SWIFT DRAW OR BRAVE TRIGGER HAND CAN SOLVE FOR HIM!

IT WAS A WELCOME TO WARM ANYONE'S HEART...

MONTE
HALE!

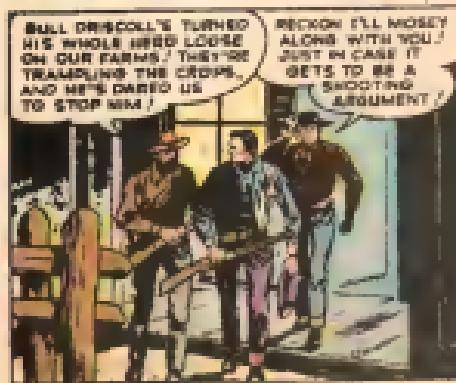
OH, MONTE, IT'S
SO GOOD TO
SEE YOU!

YOU SADDLE SORRY
OLD BANNIE? IT'S
ABOUT TIME YOU
RODE THIS WAY
TO PAY US A
VISIT!

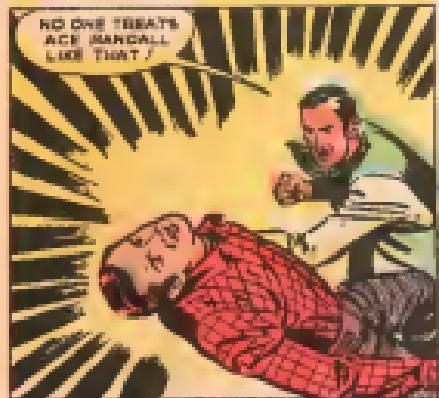
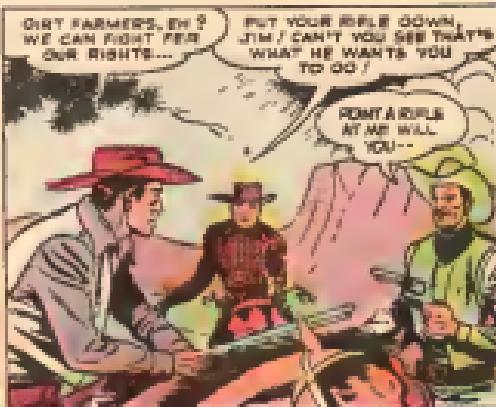
FELLOW IN TOWN
SAID THAT JIM HOLT
WAS ONE OF THE
HOMESTEADERS WHO
STARTED OUT HERE;
SO I MOREOVER WENT
TO SEE IF IT WAS YOU!



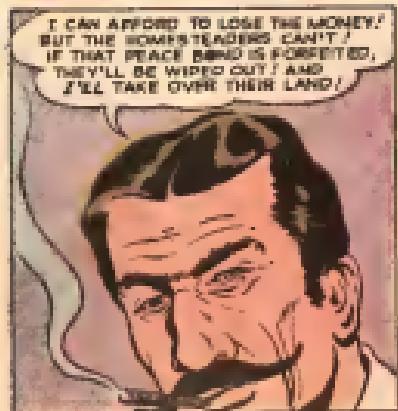
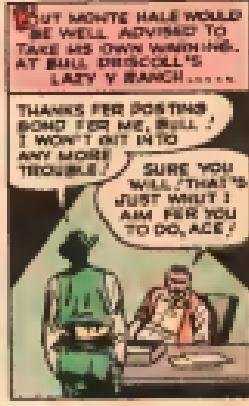
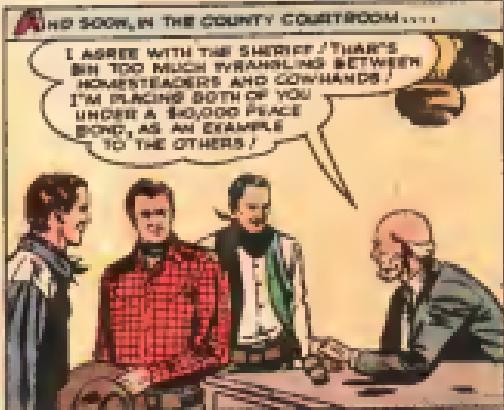
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MONTE HALE . WESTERN



MONTE HALE WESTERN



MONTE HALE WESTERN

THE FOLLOWING DAY....



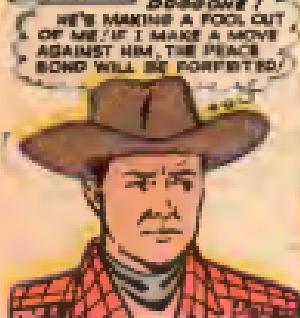
WASH WORDS, AND NO LIVING MAN EVER USED THEM TO MONTE HALE. BUT EVER AS HIS HAND STARTS FOR HIS GUN HOLSTER...

DOWNOME! WE'RE HAVING A FOOL OUT OF ME! IF I MAKE A MOVE AGAINST HIM, THE PEACE BOND WILL BE FORFEITED!

WHAT'S TROUBLING YOU? LOOKING FOR A WAY TO CRAWL OUT FROM UNDER?

THERE'S A BLACK CROWN AMERICA ON THAT BROWN CROWN AND BAD LUCK WHERE I COME FROM!

I'LL JUST TICKLE THAT OLD CROWN'S TABLEFATHERS CAN'T HAVE A BAD LUCK CROWN AROUND WHEN THERE'S A FIGHT SHAPING UP!



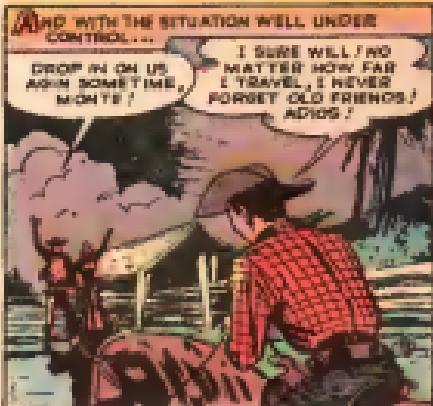
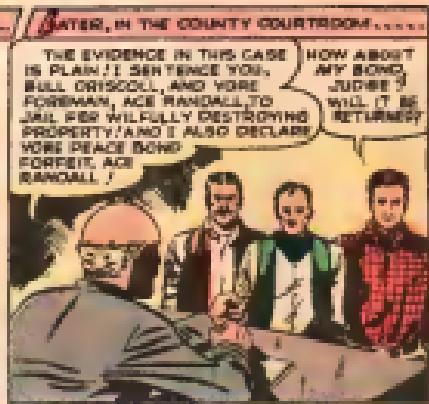
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MONTE HALE

"DUEL TO THE DEATH"

FOR YEARS, PEACE HAD REIGNED IN THE CHEYENNE TIMBERLANDS. THEN SUDDENLY, A WAVE OF HOSTILITY BROKE OUT, PITTING A LARGE GROUP OF INDIANS AGAINST THEIR WHITE NEIGHBORS. WHO—OR WHAT—WAS BEHIND THIS EVIL UP-DOING? IT'S UP TO HARDHORNG ADVENTURE HALE TO FIND OUT, WITH THE AID OF AN UNEXPECTED ALLY—HIS BLOOD-BROTHER!



ONE ALONE A MOUNTAIN TRAIL... IS MONTE HALE!

"I'M ALONE, LITTLE SISTER, I'M ALONE."



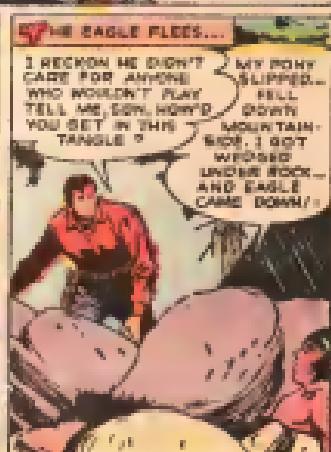
SUPPLY!

WHAT PARTNER, LOOKS LIKE A LITTLE RUCKUS GOING ON AHEAD OF US. ONE WE MIGHT TAKE A HAND IN? LET'S GET GOING!

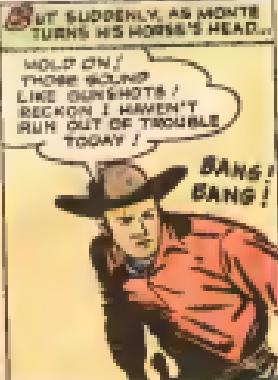


WHAT DOES MONTE SEE?

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MONTE HALE WESTERN



MONTE HALE WESTERN

ONCE AGAIN, MONTE PLUNGES INTO ACTION!

OH, OH! A BAND OF INDIANS - AND THEY'RE ATTACKING A HOME-STEADER'S OUTPOST! AHEAD I'M GOING TO HAVE TO CHANGE SIDES -



MONTE HALE WESTERN

WE HAVE BEEN settin' along fine with the Indians ~~friends~~ until just last week. Then they commenced raisin' trouble, attackin' our shanties and burnin' our crops! No one knows why...

I see but someone said better end out

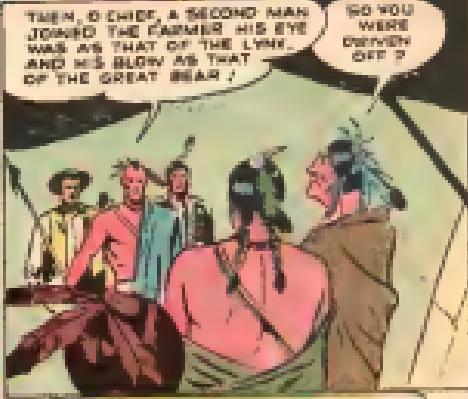
IT'S GETTING DARK, BUT I THINK I CAN FOLLOW THE CHEYENNE'S TRAIL TO THEIR CAMP. THEN WE'LL SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

THOUGH THE GATHERING DURE, MONTE HALE PURSUES THE INDIANS. THEN...

THERE'S A FIRE, AND THERE'S MUST BE THE INDIANS' CAMP! I'LL DISMOUNT AND WORALE UP...



LAND-LIN' THEY SEEM TO BE HAVING SOME KIND OF MEET THIS THUR. I'LL LISTEN IN!



THEN, O CHIEF, A SECOND MAN JOINED THE FARMER. HIS EYE WAS AS THAT OF THE LYNX... AND HIS BLOW AS THAT OF THE GREAT BEAR!

DO YOU WERE DRIVEN OFF?



MAN 1: TELL YEH, GRAY HAWK, TUN DRIVE THESE WESTERS OUT OF YEHAR. YEH'VE GOT TUN SEND YEH WHOLE TRIBE ON THE WARPATH!

BUT WE DO NOT WANT WAR WITH ALL THE WHITE MEN, DIRK BARTER. ONLY WITH THOSE WHO ARE TAKING OUR LAND!

LISTEN TUN ME, CHEEF! TUN BE SAFE. YU'VE GOT TUN DRIVE THEM ALL AWAY! THAT'S WHY I'M SUPPLYING TUN WITH GUNS AND AMMUNITION!

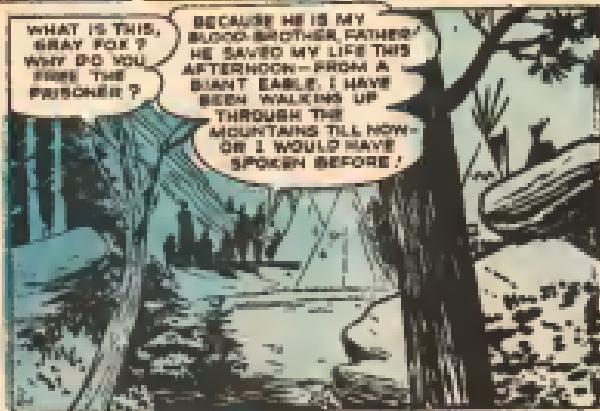
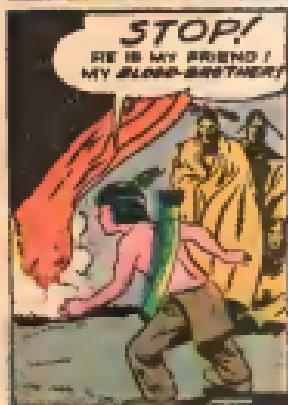


WHAT'S THIS DIRK BARTER, THE MAN WHO'S BEEN STEERING UP THE CHEYENNE?

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MONTE HALE WESTERN



MONTE HALE WESTERN

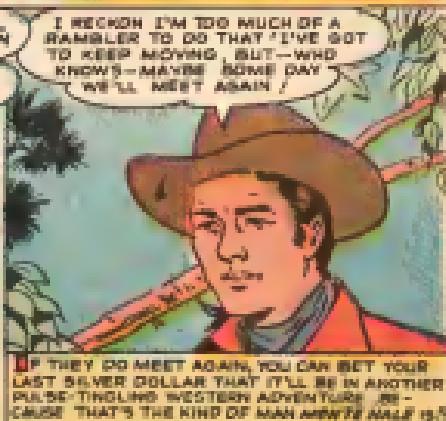


MONTE HALE WESTERN



AS BARTER FALLS THE STRAP DROPS FREE AND MONTE WINS THE TEST OF TRUTH!

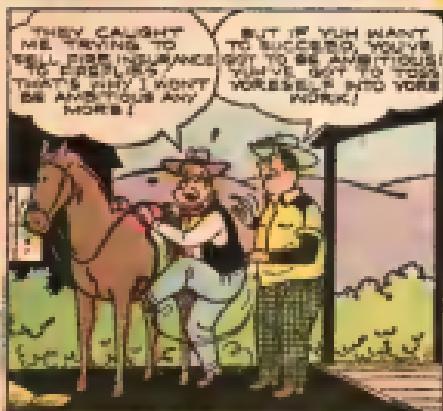
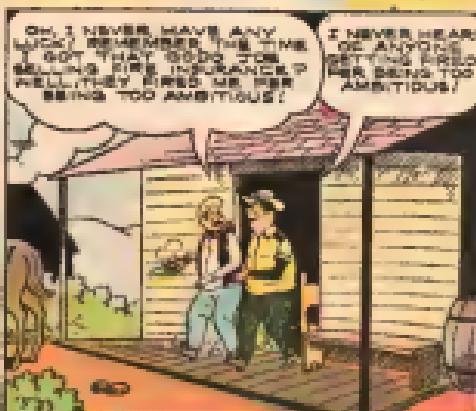
BUT BY YOUR BRAVERY AND HIS COURAGE YOU HAVE PROVED TO US THE TRUTH OF YOUR WORDS THAT WE MUST LIVE IN PEACE WITH THE WHITE MAN! SO IT SHALL BE!!



CAREY AND HARRY



MONTE HALE WESTERN



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MONTE HALE, OUTLAW

OUTLAW? Not
MONTE HALE, you say! That's
what young Bob Brown said, too,
until events proved him wrong!
For this is the strange story of
when MONTE HALE, the great western
hero became MONTE HALE --
OUTLAW!

IN GOLD DUST CITY, A MAN TAKES UP A
WANTED POSTER.

ARE YOU
CRAZY?

ETIN BOARD

WANTED

MONTE HALE

\$1,000 REWARD

THAT'S A PICTURE OF
MONTE HALE ON THAT
POSTER! YOU'VE SEEN
GOT THE WRONG HOMINER!
MY FATHER'S BROTH
MONTE HALE FOR TEARS
AND HE'S NO OUTLAW!

YOU SEE THE NAME ON
IT, DON'T YOU? I
RECKON MONTE HALE
IS HIS NAME
ALL RIGHT!



MONTE HALE WESTERN



SHERIFF TOLD ME TO HIRE ALL PASSENGERS. THEY'RE TRAVELING AT THEIR OWN RISK. THIS STAGE HAS BEEN HELD UP EVERY WEEK FOR NINETY TWO MONTHS!

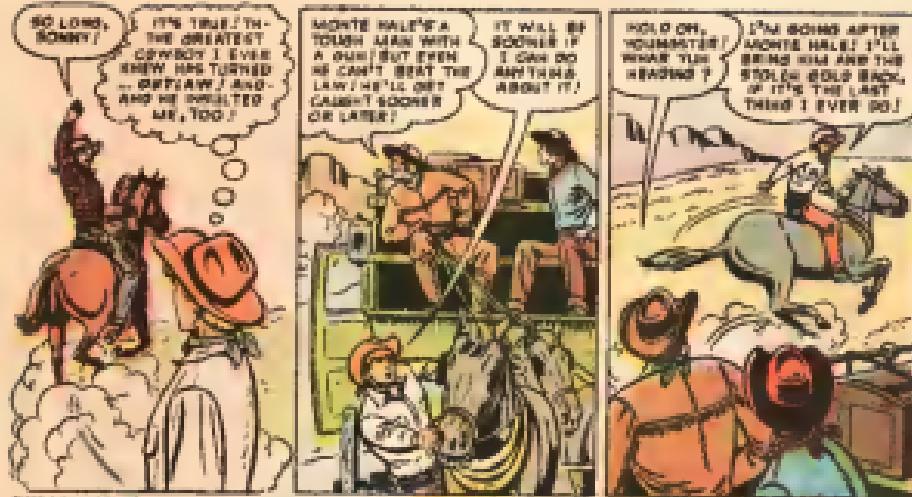


THREE IT IS -- EIGHT ON SCHEDULE! RECKON IT'S TIME FOR ME TO GO INTO MY ACT!

MONTE HALE WESTERN



MONTE HALE WESTERN



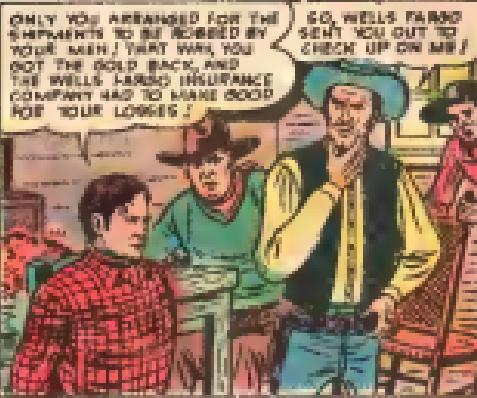
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NOW, THAT'S RIGHT, SAMMY! OF YOU, HOMERIK!



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MONTE HALE WESTERN



RIDING FOR A FALL



THEY had once been friends. Born on adjoining ranches, Tim Fry and Case Pearson had buddied together ever since they were no bigger than tumbleweeds. Neither had ever reckoned in those early days of gay laughter that their relations would come to their current state—a state in which there were no words, but merely stony silence and averted eyes.

The falling out had begun innocently enough, both of the natural desire of one youth to outshine the other. Both, even as youngsters, had been expert wranglers with no visible edge in skill for either. Then in, except in one department, Case had always been a better all-around rider than Tim. Yes, Tim could shoot and rope with the best, but even he granted that Case was the more expert horseman.

He had not begrimed Case this. Indeed, when they had been friends Tim had thrilled to see how easily Case could tame even the most ornery bronc. But he didn't any longer. Not since the day Case had humiliated him before the other wranglers.

The gray mustang had been mean. Tim sensed that even before he mounted. He had no real hope of breaking him, but he did think that at least he might soften him up for Case. Well, he had not even done that. It took no more than two or three convulsions of the mustang's back to fling him to the ground.

Case had tried next. Tried was not really the word, for as soon as he along his leg up then the mustang seemed to sense his master. The steed had, of course, tried to throw Case, but even the animal knew the struggle futile and quickly abandoned it.

Tim could still see Case leaping from the back of the broken horse, and then swagging to the corral rail where the ranch hands were

grouped. How many times had Tim gone over in his mind the words that accompanied the swagger?

"Beckon you'd better stick to barnhouse chores, Tim," Case had boasted. "Takes a man to break a bronc."

Tim hadn't answered. In fact, he had never answered Case again, although an immediate apology had been forthcoming for the taunt. Case had not allowed the friendship to die easily. For months he had prosed to Tim that his beast had been good humored, and rendered in the flush of victory, but the wound had been too deep, and Tim never replied. Eventually Case had stopped trying, and so they had come to their present state of animosity. ■

But this rodeo would give Tim an opportunity for revenge. In the years that followed the birth of the lead he had deliberately ridden trails where his path would not cross Case's. He had sought out the best riders and meanest horses he could find and had learned well from both. Now he felt qualified and had returned to humiliate his rival.

Case, of course, was defending champion of the region, but he wouldn't be champion long Tim vowed. Defeating him would prove even sweeter than the scrub he had been able to give him the night before. Case had spotted Tim's name on the entry list, and advanced with his well remembered grin and an outstretched hand.

"Howdy, Tim," he had said. "Sure glad you returned to these parts. I hope you've forgotten what a conceited little sprout I was before you left. I never meant any real harm—just a case of getting too big for my britches."

Tim had surveyed him in cold silence, then

MONTE HALE WESTERN

sharply walked away. For a moment he had been tempted to shake hands, but the roots of revenge were planted too deeply in him. He'd never forgive! Well, maybe he would. But not until he had supplanted Case as top rider in this neck of the woods. There'd be laughs again, but this time not on Tom.

"Tim," Case pleaded, "I need I was sorry."

"Not as sorry as you're going to be, Master, after tomorrow when I show you how to really break horses."

Tim's revolver snapped as he heard his name being bawled by the announcer, and obediently he headed toward the enclosure where the broncs were kept. Expertly he surveyed the horse he was to ride. Eyes blindfolded, it quivered with the impotent rage of a wild thing unable to strike back. Tim trembled with excitement, but confident in the knowledge that he had mastered rougher cayuses than this one, he sprang into the saddle.

In a moment the stall gates were opened, and Tim and the horse were struggling in the arena proper. The cayuse bucked furiously, employing every trick that instinct taught it to dislodge its hated burden. But it had no chance. Tim's estimate of his own skill had been founded on fact. No mansever—no trick that this horse knew could unseat him. Let it storm wildly as it might, he knew he was master.

He sensed the resistance of the stallion abating somewhat. Oh, it would be some minutes yet before it was completely conquered, but the end was in sight. There was just one thing more he needed to make his revenge complete. Tim just had to see how Case was reacting to this display of horsemanship. Daintily unring the bounds of the brent, he turned his head and sneaked a look toward the riders' enclosure.

Suddenly, he was flat on his back, gazing up at the sky.

As his head cleared, he realized his carelessness had caused him to be thrown. Tears of rage filled his eyes and escape dominated his every thought. He had to get out of here

before Case had a chance to gloat. Frantically, he sought to stand, but his left leg would not support him, and he tumbled to the dirt again.

He fainted then and did not revive until he was bedded at the county hospital with a broken ankle. He groaned in anger as he saw how miserably his plot for revenge had failed. And all because he couldn't resist逞强 a look to see how Case was taking his moment of triumph. Case! He shuddered at the thought. Even now, he was probably being presented with the trophy emblematic of the championship. Minutes more and that big side of beef would be speeding here to offer false condolences—perhaps even to offer free broncs in the proper breaking of horses. History had repeated itself, and once more the ashes of defeat were bitter in Tim's throat.

His bunch had been right. That was Case grinning in the doorway. Well, Tim would take it like a man. He'd take his riding—he deserved it. Yes, he's even shake the big hand that was being extended to him. He had failed, and he'd admit it. Let Case gloat, for he was truly the better man. It was only as he reached up to shake the preferred hand that he noticed Case had extended his left one, and that a sling supported his right. What had happened?

“TIM,” Case said. “Just thought you might feel better if I told you the nog that threw you tossed me, too. Break my arm in the bargain. Guess I’m not as good a rider as I thought I was.”

So, they were laughing, recalling old times, and planning better new ones. The old friendship had been restored. The knowledge that even the mighty Case could take a tumble made Tim extremely happy. Yet, Case was even happier, for he knew what he had done was worth the sacrifice. Who had to know that he had deliberately let Tim's horse throw him? And what was a little old broken arm compared to a broken friendship?

THE END

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WHY SHOULD THAT HAVE MADE THEM THROW YOU OUT?



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